

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1920



Reedy's MIRROR

Temblor

a Posthumous Reflection
By William Marion Reedy

Pentheus in These States

By Edgar Lee Masters

Biscuit—a Story

By T. D. Pendleton

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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CHARLES J. FINGER, Editor in Charge

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Temblor

By William Marion Reedy

(Two weeks ago we published Mr. Reedy's last manuscript. That below was written to follow "The Community Property Law" on page 575 of the issue of July 22, being a part of "Editing in Earthquakes," but through an error somewhere—let us be charitable and say it was an act of Providence, instead of ascribing it to Burleson—was omitted and discovered only this week. Mr. Reedy's comment on the July 22 issue was merely one of encouragement and praise of those he had left in the office during his absence and a brief "Tell Finger I'm sorry I leave him so little space." No mention of this omission! To the general public this will mean nothing; but those authors on whom a misplaced comma in their manuscript inflicts a deep hurt, will appreciate his gentle forbearance, the sweet disposition that would sooner have his copy slaughtered than cause the slightest discomfort to those who were trying to serve. The incident is characteristic of the man. During all the years I was associated with him I never knew him to reprimand, to even question. He credited everyone with his own mead of generosity and unselfishness.—A. M.)

FUNNY about an earthquake. After it's over you say "Is that all?" But the natives don't take it so nonchalantly. They know what it might be. Mothers run at once to look after their children and to their sideboards to see that their porcelain and glassware are safe. The dog on the floor when the shock comes looks a bit startled but lies down again. The one today should have been anticipated, what with the thunderstorm yesterday morning and sultry weather, and exceptionally high and angry tides along the beach, but it came as a surprise, none the less, to the old inhabitant. The old inhabitant is proud of the earthquake. You'd think he staged it and worked it for your benefit. And he expects you to see him as the gamest of game sports, living right on here, knowing all the time that some day the whole state is going to have a quake that will shake it off into the Pacific Ocean. It seems to me that I have experienced in St. Louis at least one shock just as severe as today's.

I was in a bit of hope for the fragment of a second that the quake today would be big enough to cause the calling off of the speech I have to make tonight on the subject of—guess! Right: the single tax. And how persons who were booked to hear me must have seconded my wish! But honestly I think that the best thing California can do is to invite Reverend George Chalmers Richmond out here to pray against earthquakes and tell God to stop 'em. How they can continue I don't see when I am told that Percival Chubb was out here two years ago and disapproved of them as sternly as

he disapproves of Mr. Charles J. Finger's story, "Ebro," in a recent MIRROR. Maybe Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer ought to have his attention called to these disturbances that he might have them enjoined.

Still, a friend of mine says that he can buy as good an earthquake as today's at thirty dollars per quart or ten dollars per pint. It's an experience, this buying of liquid earthquake. You intimate at your hostelry in the proper quarter that you need something. Soon a bell-hop appears with a large hat box such as milliners use. He deposits it on the bed, lifts the lid and discloses a cylindrical package resting on a fluffy bed of pink tissue paper. He picks it up gently and unwraps it. There it is—the divine bottle of Master Francois Rabelais, shining with the mellow radiance of a large jewel. You haven't a corkscrew, twenty-five cents for that. Then . . . the party is singing softly "The Good Old Summer Time," and "In the Evening by the Moonlight." Who cares if "Pussyfoot" Johnson is going to tell this evening how "he gave an eye to make England dry?" Why go down to Tia Juana on the border for the scraggly orgiac abandon of a wide open town, where Jack Johnson the prize fighter negotiates like the plenipotentiary of a Great Power to the end that if he gives himself up to answer a criminal charge he shall not be subjected to the indignity of handcuffs and the Oregon boot? Down there Jack is a bigger man than either "Pussyfoot" or Hiram. Bring on your old earthquakes! This is the life.

LOS ANGELES, July 18, 1920.

Reflections

By Charles J. Finger

The World Is Sick

THE only men of royal blood I ever chanced to hobnob with were the king of an island off the west coast of South America and a Russian prince. The king was not much of a fellow anyway you took him, but the prince was all that a prince should be. It was a hot day when I met him, and the place was a hall somewhere in the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral. The prince delivered a lecture on Anarchism and at the close we sought a coffee house and sat until long after midnight. Peter Kropotkin, for that was the prince, held that no power on earth could avert a world war; the very sensitiveness of huge armaments, he said, made for that. He foretold, as I recall it now, something very much like what we have today. There would be, he thought, a world-wide social confusion, an attempt on the part of the better organized nations to bring order out of chaos, the boycotting of whole peoples, widespread starvation and, perhaps, a return to something like barbarism, or else, a turning to what he called anarchistic communism in which the ownership of land would be limited to use and personal occupancy.

In those days things went very well and the exile's prophecy savored strongly of pessimism to me. Today, looking about the world, his prognostication seems uncanny. As for Bolshevism being a solution, Kropotkin is doubtful. Taking no man's word, he went to Russia to study conditions there at first hand. His opinion is that the attempt to build up a communistic republic on the lines of strongly centralized state communism under the iron rule of the dictatorship of a party, must end in failure. But it is his prophecy of present conditions made thirty years ago that interests. There is the dead country in central Europe, for example: "the corpse in the continent," M. Albert in the French senate called it lately. And Austria is something very like a corpse, and as such, a menace. She cannot get coke from Czecho-Slovakia, and consequently her whole iron industry, which is of the utmost importance for her economic existence is at a crisis. She cannot get foodstuffs and France which promised to help her, has her own difficulties and cannot do as she expected. In Austria sugar costs fifteen dollars per pound and jam is a luxury known only to the very rich. The peasants will not sell their wheat even at the price offered of seventy-five cents per pound. Butter costs seventy dollars a pound. There is little hard cash in the country for that was exported by car loads by the profiteers for the metal value. Consequently each Austrian province and town issues money of its own, and in many little towns the burgomasters have assumed the prerogative of issuing paper money in writing.

And Austria is only one country. There is Germany. There is Poland. There is Italy. A MIRROR correspondent recently gave an account of the state of affairs there. The revolutionary movement in Romagna and the Marche is still to the fore and in other parts there is peasant and proletariat violence. Soviets are formed to live a few days or hours. There are widespread strikes and much hunger in the cities. Then there is India and the deep wound which Amritsar has inflicted upon Indian sensibility. Also there is Ireland, which

were it not for trouble elsewhere would have a tale to tell that would stir the world. Looking across the Pacific to China, one sees a country on the verge of civil war. Korea and Japan, too, are at odds. A new possible evil is seen in Germany in the Hohenzollern millions of wealth which the Independent party wish to confiscate as a precautionary measure but which proposition the Judicial Committee of the Prussian diet opposes.

There is but one solution apparently, and even that is not a solution, but rather a proposal to form a body to attempt to solve the national disagreements. That, of course, is a complete League of Nations as forecast long ago by Kropotkin.



The League as an Issue

CERTAINLY things look differently to what they did a few months ago. Men who think at all have learned to think internationally and not nationally. When James M. Cox took the bull by the horns, at Dayton, Ohio, and declared his acceptance of the League idea as an issue, he gained new followers. I have met many Republicans here and there throughout the country who will vote for the candidate endorsing the League. Republican victory does not seem so assured today as it did once. It's about even money on Cox now. In Ohio, they are enumerating the things that he has done. They point out that he has always stood for centralization and consequent economy. Certainly when the Industrial Commission was created it took the place of a dozen separate and distinct boards. Then there was the so-called purification campaign by means of which lobbyists had to be registered. Above all, Mr. Cox hit the mark when the Workmen's Compensation law was enacted, and that the law has worked well, I am prepared to testify, for in my work in that state, I saw dozens of cases in which the injured man received compensation after accident when otherwise he would have had to sue to get anything at all. Undoubtedly Cox is far stronger than Harding in Ohio.

A nation wide campaign in favor of the League, the telling of the truth to the people regarding the condition of the world and the necessity for international agreement will result in the election of a democratic president. But it must be a League of Nations that the people are asked to support, and not a League of Some Nations. In other words, both Russia and Germany must be admitted.



The Mirror

It is still REEDY'S MIRROR. There has been considerable correspondence anent a sale, but nothing definite has resulted. Meanwhile several sums of money have been sent in to be used as a sustention fund. These have been banked in a separate account, and should the fund not reach the required figure, the amounts will be returned in full to the senders. Thank you.



Are We Doomed?

A CERTAIN dean in England has been voicing his belief that civilization is doomed. He paints a gloomy picture of cities in ruins, and skin clad men wandering about the land. In countries not quite so far gone on the road to decay, he has visions of roaming bands of robbers on rapine bent. Apparently the reverend gentleman has been reading Richard Jeffrey's "After London" or the last part of H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds." Many hearing his tale, reflect that civilizations have been wiped out before now. They point to Babylon,

to Assyria, to Iran, to Egypt, to Athens. They recall the Roman empire and 55 B. C. or thereabouts when conquest degenerated into the financial exploitation and enslavement of foreign races. They recall that Rome lost all that she had created. So, worried, they cast about for a man with a vision, the vision that shall give direction to effort. Not satisfied with schemes and plans for international well being, they seek definite plans for national industrial reorganization just as a sensible man who, ill at ease because of local ineptitude in office, takes stock of his own home affairs to the end that he may be a center of order in a scene of disorder. To such, comes Mr. Edward Thomas with a book called "Industry, Emotion and Unrest" which Harcourt Brace and Howe have just published. It is unique in its way and appeals to employers to strive to understand employees to the end that there shall be a complete psychology of manufacturing. As a former employer of labor I am certain that some of the plans that he outlines would remedy, or at least alleviate a little of our trouble. But, after all, he only touches the surface. His idea is that employees take an intelligent interest in their work but, finding that their suggestions are unheeded, or that there is no way in which they may be brought to the fore in a highly specialized and developed institution, they tend to become mere automata. Presently, to keep close to the Thomas idea, they become of those who hold that civilization is a failure, that its apparent splendor is mostly a sham, that it means glory and demoralizing idleness for the few, and misery and neglect for the many. Much of all that is not to be argued against. It is true. It is also true, as Mr. Thomas points out, that if we thoughtfully contemplate the decay of the splendors of Rome and Greece and Egypt, we must realize that their failures should teach us to seek ethical values and wholesome opportunities for adventure. There are plans offered, but they seem to me to be mere palliatives. There is only one real remedy, and that we must try some day, having tried everything and come to failure. In other words, the single tax must find its complete fulfillment. It is the only tax that cannot be shifted to the shoulders of industry; with its adoption, the hidden treasures of the earth will be unlocked. Monopoly will become impossible. Poverty will be reduced to a minimum. If not, we who hold to the theory of the taxation of land values are badly mistaken. Can it be?



On Divorce

STATISTICS show that of women applying for divorce, the majority have been in the business world. That was to have been expected. Women who have been on the inside in commercial life are not to be deceived. They come to see that in the marriage partnership the man has by far the easier time. Work in an office is light and pleasant. There is order and system and quiet. There is a certain amount of good companionship. There is also a camaraderie between men and women. In the home all that is absent. There are no regular hours. There is no cessation to the dull, dreary round. Men at home are too selfish, too fond of their ease to be good companions. Moreover, any married woman who passed the time of day too often with a male friend would be looked upon with suspicion. Then, too, there is the lack of money. Married women who have known the glory of the weekly wage, are not satisfied with bed, board and an occasional *pour boire*. Having known some economic independence, they refuse the slavery known as married life as it is under present conditions.



The Day

ONCE in the dear dead days beyond recall, Shaw, Morris, Hyndman, Crane and others were wont to foretell the early coming of The Day and the imminent downfall of capitalism. Almost the year of its fall was fixed upon. We used to argue, some of us,

whether it would be better to adopt a scheme of labor checks or some other system of exchange. Equal pay was a favorite scheme. Few of us then expected that the system would last into 1920. That seemed ages away from 1886, for we were young, hopeful and beautiful, and to all such, years are long. Today, after a section of life spent in executive positions, I am strongly inclined to believe that with all its faults and failings, capitalism is so strongly entrenched that it will be victor still when we who fought against it so valiantly, and, sometimes, in Arnold von Winkelried manner, have laid down our spears. Capitalism is certainly not shaking in its shoes. There is no evidence at hand that leads one to believe that it considers its own dissolution. On the contrary, things point the other way. Trust absorbs trust. Combination succeeds combination. Labor unions that were once radical have become conservative and upholders of that which they once sought to destroy. Where there is opposition, it is not so much unionized labor versus capital, but unionized labor against non-unionized labor. The unions themselves have developed men with a strongly marked ability to govern and in their hands, the rank and file are often mere puppets. That accounts for what is known as the outlaw switchmen's strike, and other similar outbreaks.

Perhaps after all there may be a new evolution. The human race may bifurcate just as the successors of cohippus bifurcated and became horse on the one branch and hippopotamus on the other. Then men with the dominating brain will govern and perpetuate their kind while the vast majority may be satisfied to eat, drink, sleep, play and breed to their own ultimate undoing. One guess as to the future is as good as another.

The Perfect Day

THIS is the price of a perfect day. Hotel room \$5.00. Complete round at the barber's shop including manicure work came to \$4.05. Tips to girl, shoe boy, and barber, 30 cents. Breakfast, \$1.25. Tip, 15 cents. Lunch, \$1.50 with tip. Dinner with a companion, \$4.80. Add cigars at 50 cents and you have \$17.55, the cost of maintaining a single, solitary lonesome and unhappy man in St. Louis at a level of health and reasonable comfort for one day. That means a sum of \$6,405.75 per annum, without clothes or pleasure. Thousands of men live at that rate.

Set against that the cost of living for a man, wife and three children, under fourteen years of age in a factory town, which the United States Railway Board found to be \$1,573.90 all told. That works out at 86 cents per day, per head. Food per head per day amounts to 35 cents against \$5.15 for the lone St. Louis man.

Another day I went about things differently. Eating in the help-yourself places, it worked out thus: breakfast, 30 cents; lunch, 40 cents; dinner, 55 cents; total, \$1.25. The latter way was very uncomfortable, the food not well cooked, and plates, cups, forks, knives and spoons bore witness to prior use. There's no moral.

A New Wonder

You recall the scare we had when Professor Loeb told the world that he had created living organisms in his laboratory. We had visions then of men and women hand-made and to order. Loeb seemed a *Frankenstein* in the flesh. Then there was the tale of a surgeon who had united the ends of separate nerves so that men saw music and heard pictures. A photographer too who had dabbled in the occult, once announced to a gaping world that he had taken pictures from the retina of a mummy and thus reproduced bygone days. Another had a new transportation notion by means of which we were to be whirled twice round the world and once across Ripley county, Missouri, in the twinkling of an eye. We read, wondered, speculated and forgot, then sat

awaiting new wonders. For the world is but a credulous old woman with a short memory, and oftentimes beguiled. And now comes the new wonder. Dr. Eugen Steinbach of Austria is the wizard. He has learned how to transform sex. He has discovered how, by an easy operation, men and women above middle age can be rejuvenated, and his mail box is crammed with letters and his house besieged with clamant callers filled with Jurgen-like ambitions. That was to have been expected, for there are thousands on this earth of ours who hope that Steinbach may be able to do as he claims to the end that the day may arrive when professional Rejuvenator signs will be as thick in every city, town and village throughout the land, as are the shingles of dentists, lawyers, osteopaths and chiropractors. And then what? Imagination riots. The Steinbach discovery would open up a new era. It would solve the husband shortage consequent on war's waste. Every long-whiskered ancient in the land would become a gay Lothario and the seventh commandment would be eliminated from the decalog. Bankers would desert their vaults for Venus. Gray headed merchants would turn over the conduct of their business to younger and abler men, that they might be free to pursue Phryne. Rector's and Murray's would again flourish as of yore. Relieved from the hindering and hampering hands of meddlesome old men, business would boom. Monogamy would become a dead letter in the land and a senate of rejuvenated Methuselahs would revolt against all manner of Puritanism. Every Jill would have, if not her Jack, at least a share in a Jack. For, mind you, in this highly moral and virtuous land of ours, worshipers of Priapus are many, and those who by advancing age and consequent impotence become outwardly saint-like, would fain be again communicants, priests and acolytes in the temple of the lively goddess. That accounts for the extraordinary popularity of Steinbach and the interest manifested in his announcement. The old are intrigued, and not the young. As far as man is concerned, the spirituality that comes with advancing age is outwardly only. The old lecherous tiger never dies.

Trouble in India

IN addition to the thirty little wars that are now going on in one place and another, there is the trouble in India. Just as the Londonderry affair in Ireland was only a surface indication of a deeper trouble, so the Jallianwalla massacre is an indication. The system of administration now existing in India is as certainly doomed to overthrow as was slavery in the United States when John Brown paid with his life for the effort he made for freedom at Harper's Ferry. The present regime of political repression cannot continue. The story of Amritsar, telling of the shooting of two thousand unarmed Hindoos who might have laughed at Dyer had he not given the word to shoot, has fired not only India, but the world. The stories of food exported while millions starve, of students flogged at Kasur, of the bombing of Gujranwala, of "crawling orders" have not been refuted. India like Ireland is on fire and England must eventually give Hindoos their freedom. As John Stuart Mill said, "Such a thing as the government of one people by another cannot exist."

Not Generally Known

THE results at Spa show that the peace treaty as framed at Versailles has been actually changed by those who declare emphatically that there can be no revision.

Those who clamor for war with Russia, fail to reflect that any such move would mean the outbreak of hostilities from the Balkans to Persia. It would mean an entire revision of the Versailles treaty.

In the middle of July there was an overwhelming majority declared for Germany in the thoroughly

Polish districts of East Prussia. This in spite of the fact that the Poles thought to carry the district by over eighty per cent of the vote. It becomes clear then that it would be as foolish a blunder to attempt to take Upper Silesia from Germany today as it was in 1870 to wedge Alsace-Lorraine from its national trunk.

All signs point to the second visit of Krassin to London as a preliminary to a new conference between the allies, Russia and the new states of Eastern Europe in which all factors bearing on a general peace will be thoroughly discussed.

The editor of the London *Observer* approves the substance of recent communications to the Soviet government, but resents the tone, finding in the latter a touch of entirely unwarranted summary dictation which Russia may resent. He says that both the British foreign office as well as the Quai d'Orsay must get off the high horse in dealing with Russia, and must act courteously as equals with equals.

There is civil war in China, and Japan is suspected of financing hordes of freebooters.

Tomchechevski is the name of the bolshevik Napoleon who defeated Koltchak and Denekin and has now broken the army of the Poles. He is aged twenty-seven.

In Syria and Mesopotamia there are dark clouds. France is taking measures to control the railways from Beyrout to Aleppo. England has a beleaguered garrison on the Euphrates. Colonel Lawrence denounces the British government for its bad faith in dealing with the Arabs.

Miss Margaret Bondfield who went to Russia from England on a peace mission, details not clear, said that the scandals circulated in England and America about sex relationships in Russia under Soviet rule were entirely without foundation, and that what the Bolsheviks had done was to add civil marriage to the church form. She declared that if she was a Russian in Russia she would support the existing government as the only possible form of administration.

Both the prince of Wales, who mashed his finger when showing off in a mine, and the President of the United States are very rapidly recovering their healths.

His Personality Persists

By Louis F. Post

MY recollection of William Marion Reedy goes back nearly twenty years; my familiarity with the *MIRROR*, his other self, goes still farther back. Apart from characteristics of friendship that cannot be described, he was to me especially remarkable for his faculty of harmonizing his independence of opinion and his candor of utterance with a friendliness of spirit so convincing as not only to foreclose hostility but to invite confidence. A man of long range vision and short range action, he worked idealistically for advances in the future, but practically with the opportunities of the present. There was that about him which drew the affection of those who knew him in person and of those as well who knew him only by what he wrote; but one had to know him both ways, in order to appreciate him fully. Although I regret his going at an age which to my imagination is within the borderland of youth, I am glad to be among those who believe that his real personality persists. The influence of his useful life will be self-perpetuating in this probational world; and the memory of him cannot fade from the hearts of those of us who knew and appreciated his genial disposition and his humanity-loving career. With all my heart I hope the *MIRROR* may continue in the spirit of Reedy's editorship to remind us week by week of his devoted service as one of the living cells of the Social Man.

Reedy Reminiscences

By W. A. Kelsoe

MY acquaintance with William Marion Reedy began in the summer of 1880. It was soon after he had joined the local staff of the old *Missouri Republican*, later called the *St. Louis Republic*. We met in a Chestnut street boarding house as rival reporters, my allegiance being then to Walter B. Stevens of the *Morning Times*. A fellow reporter connected with still another paper had shot his landlady in a quarrel, and Reedy and I were interviewing the woman. She died and the gallows almost got our erring brother, who, after a second trial, was sent back to his parents in Cincinnati.

A little later the *Times* was sold to the *Republican* and I became Reedy's colleague. Charles Taylor was the city editor under Frank Stone, Managing Editor Hyde's right-hand man, who had general supervision of both the local and telegraph departments, the latter being in direct charge of H. B. Wandell. Thomas Dimmock and Daniel M. Grissom (the latter now at Kirkwood's Old Folks' Home in his ninety-first year) were the editorial writers; Thomas E. Garrett, the dramatic critic (and Mary Anderson's best friend); Charles W. Knapp, editor of the weekly edition; Joseph Kelley, commercial editor, and Shepard Knapp, river and railroad editor. Our local staff included two antebellum reporters, John G. Dill and William Fayel, both long since left us, and two young Alfreds, both still living, Alfred H. Spink, nationally famous as a sport writer, and Alfred J. Stofer, a well known Washington correspondent. St. Louis county, on one side of the city, was represented by W. D. Clayton, and St. Clair county, on the other side, by James W. Kirk, the latter now a retired journalist of East St. Louis. A. R. Rivet, now commercial editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, covered the livestock markets; Walter Leve, military news; and Louis H. Jones, church and other religious news. These and a few others were the men with whom William Marion Reedy was daily associated early in the eighties. Our only lady colleague was Mrs. Inez S. Stone, the city's first society editor.

In my second week on the *Republican*, City Editor Taylor had a row with Managing Editor Hyde and I was placed temporarily in charge of the local department. My first move was to send for William Vincent Byars, who had been lured away from Stevens and the *Times* by the higher pay on the *Globe-Democrat*. Byars came over, and after that, with Reedy—then just turned 18, but already showing marked ability both as a news-gatherer and writer—and the older members of the staff, I felt more at ease under the new responsibility. Stone soon had to give up work on account of weak lungs and it was the middle of summer before F. R. O'Neil relieved me for the rest of the year, when Stanley Waterloo induced him to take charge of the business end of the *Evening Chronicle*.

Reedy's advance was rapid. After a few months he was doing all sorts of reportorial work and doing it well—police headquarters, school board, criminal court trials, municipal assembly lectures, sermons, accidents, weddings, funerals and meetings of every kind and description. Now and then he brought in a first class "scoop." Let me give a paragraph from my contribution to the *Republic's* centennial edition:

"The news of the death of Mrs. Fred Paramore was brought in by William Marion Reedy early enough one night to enable us to make a spread on

the item. The *Globe-Democrat* barely escaped the mortification of a big society scoop, the death notice sent by the family being received after the paper had gone to press but not too late for a 'lift.' Mrs. Paramore was Miss Nellie Hazeltine before her marriage and enjoyed the reputation of being the handsomest woman in St. Louis. It was Reedy, too, who brought in the right clew to the Second Presbyterian Church murder mystery. He was the first newspaper man to get the name of Kitty Mulcahey, 'the woman in the case.'"

In his more than four years of local reporting for the *Republican* Reedy wrote but one "story" that caused a libel suit, and my responsibility for its publication was greater than his. It was a humorous account of the antics of a crowd in front of a restaurant closed by a constable, if I remember rightly. The proprietor saw visions of heavy damages awarded by a sympathetic jury, but when asked on the witness stand to tell the court what he knew about penitentiaries, he quickly took a non-suit.

The back part of the old-time assignment books had a lot of extra pages and these we covered with newspaper and magazine clippings of special interest to the reporters. The book for 1884 has two of Reedy's poems taken from the *Critic*, a forerunner of the *MIRROR*. On March 1, 1914, the *Republic* printed one of the poems in a humorous article by Robertus Love on some of John W. Kearney's and Reedy's assignments in the last year of Reedy's work on the old *Republican*. Here it is:

ADELAIDE

Her hair's like tassels of the corn,
Her sweet eyes, soft, bright blue,
Seem stolen from skies of early morn
And mingled with the dew.
Forever floats this vision bright
Through all my dreams, by day and night.
Of old when Orpheus played,
His lute ne'er gave a sweeter sound
Than that which makes my poor heart bound,
The voice of Adelaide.

As when the summer's last cool rain
Makes fresh the withering flowers,
Her words dispel the blight of pain
And brighten all my hours.
She seems above me far, so far,
That as a child cries for a star
To gem his little plaid,
To her I stretch my hands on high
To this bright star in my life's sky,
And cry for Adelaide.

In the list of names given on the first page of that assignment book are those of Alexander Russell Webb, Thomas M. Knapp, M. J. Lowenstein (now business manager of the *St. Louis Star*), Graham and James M. Young, Harry E. Campbell and George C. Ohren, all well known in the eighties. I thought Ed Stone's name was there, but perhaps Frank's brother did not join us until later. David Reid, Ed Sheridan and James Johnson were with us earlier. Frank R. O'Neil, who had served the paper both as reporter and city editor, had left in January of that year (1884), after a second engagement as leading reporter, to fill a like position on the *Post-Dispatch* and to again join the *Republican* staff in June, 1885, this time as editorial manager of the paper. He and Reedy were close personal friends, and the young reporter could have had no better aid, as associate or instructor, than Mr. O'Neil. Another of Reedy's close friends, and one who had still greater influence over him than even O'Neil, was Michael Angelo Fanning (now a resident of New York, I believe) a *Republican* reporter in 1882

and 1883, and later associated with him in the early days of the *MIRROR*. Still another congenial companion Reedy had in Thomas Jefferson Meek, at whose funeral not long ago he served as pallbearer, as he had at the funerals of O'Neil, Fayel, George Munson, Charley Meade, and I think also those of several other newspaper men—David L. Reid, Thomas M. Knapp, John F. Magner, J. B. McCullagh, Emile Freetorius, E. Kargau, Edward Fegan, John Mueller and William M. Spink. He could not attend the funeral of E. P. Caruthers, a member of our staff in 1881-2 and prominent later in the state as country editor and president of the Missouri Press Association, but he paid a splendid editorial tribute to him in his paper, *REEDY'S MIRROR*.

A big book could be filled with interesting reading matter about Mr. Reedy's reportorial days on the old *Republican* alone. He probably knew more St. Louisans than any other reporter. Here is a little item from the Real Estate Exchange's weekly publication of 1883: "Mr. Wm. Reedy of the *Republican*, who at one time had the exchange as one of his daily assignments, is now doing good work for that paper at the City Hall. Will, it is safe to say, is on speaking or bowing terms with fully one-half of the residents of this burg and all are glad to know him."

Once in September, 1884, Reedy was absent a day or two without leave and sent in his resignation. I told him to come back and go to work, and he did. When he finally left us he went to the *Globe-Democrat*, after a good rest, where he worked with W. B. Stevens, Tom Gallagher, W. J. Thornton, Tom Reynolds, C. R. Webb, John Martin, Leon F. Witzig and other old-time celebrities still in harness.

Reedy had trouble with his lungs in 1882 and was laid off twice in consequence. His first illness gave me an opportunity to take his weekly salary to his home, 2002 Cass avenue, several times and to become well acquainted with the other Reedys—father, mother and two younger brothers, and a very nice family I found them, particularly the mother.

On the second occasion Reedy was sent North for his health, and while in Minneapolis he heard from Ed May, one of our "boys," that Mrs. Kelsoe and I would spend part of our vacation period there. When our train arrived at Lake Minnetonka, Reedy was at the station to welcome us. He put himself to considerable trouble to entertain us that day, and, the hotels being crowded, he wanted to give his room, in the principal hotel, to us, but we finally found suitable accommodations elsewhere. Mrs. Kelsoe never forgot Mr. Reedy's kindness that day and she often spoke of it in later years. It was this seemingly little incident in her life that influenced me, even more than my close association with Reedy in the eighties, or our years of friendship later, to ask him to serve as a pallbearer with George F. Mockler and John W. Kearney, at Mrs. Kelsoe's funeral a few weeks ago, shortly before he left the city for his convention work.

William Marion Reedy and I first met at the side of a woman fated to die in a few hours; our last meeting was at the bier of one I held dearest in life. He was at her funeral, I was at his.

The assignment books used during the last three years of Reedy's reportorial work on the old *Missouri Republican* are still in existence and they furnish the key for finding fully sixty per cent of the articles he contributed to the paper from July, 1880, until he left us early in November, 1884.

A Toast

By Helena Bingham Burton

I toast you in this glass of purity—
Water. Transparent as your life—
Pure as your soul—
Vivifying as your presence—
Good as you.

—From *American Poetry Magazine*.

Pentheus in These States

By Edgar Lee Masters

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I.

MUSE of the meditative hymn, and Muse
Of chronicles and the scroll, to us refuse
No gift to sing the daimon, the divine
God-head of Nature, Freedom and the Vine.
Nor less that Orpheus of the Mysteries:
Stars and the Soul and Heaven, and the Seas
Of tangible streams made light above the dust
Of this bewildering earth of Flesh and Lust.

II.

First from what Thracian land
Did your attendants come
In coon-skin caps and jeans,
Into this wilderness, spanned
By mountains, to this home
Of the Corn-mother, clothed in variable greens
Of barley, oats and wheat?
Hither hurried your adventurous feet
From England, and from the hills
Above the Rhine, and out of the valleys
Of the populous plain
Of Lombardy, around the Seine,
You came
Like flame that follows flame!
From Galway, Lyons, Bergen, Budapest
Onward you pressed,
With hearts that sang, and brave,
Like wave that runs to wave!
And from all northlands of new dreams, from ills
That stir the Spring awakening and the quest.
Thence were these swarming sallies
Into New England, and the great Northwest—
Virginia and Kentucky, Tennessee.
Thracians you were, attending Dionysus,
And seeking realms of Nature to be free.
Ciders from orchards would have ease,
And wine from vineyards, to be planted,
Where the roar of mountain torrents haunted
Heights of the pine and slopes of fragrant grasses
From plains to granite passes.
Rocks sealed with frost and ice which prisoned
The secret wine of Life, new sensed and newly
visioned
Flowed when the Spring of a great Age, and its
Herakles,
Fire of the Sun of Liberty, melted the locks
Of ancient and forbidding rocks
Binding the torrent: human and divine
Strength and adventure: Maenads and Thyiades,
Bacchae, Bassarides:
Spirits and evangels of new wine.
Mad Ones: armed for war.
And Rushing Ones: defying Strife.
Inspired Ones: trailing the Star
Of larger life.

III.

And with this swift descent,
To this far occident,
Tracking the gleam, the god, the freer fields;
Rejoicing, but in rites
For the Mystery, the delights
Of living and of thought, which moulds and wields,
These hunters, fur-capped, like the devotees
Out of the Thrace of old, worshipping and defending
The wine-grower, and temple-builder, Dionysus,
Carved from the fire impregnate Earth the sover-
eignities
Of Maryland, New York, and Tennessee's
Mountainous realm, to the blending
Of foot-hills with the meadows of Illinois.
And made initiate in great liberties
The farthest West, until the Orient sea's
Soft thunder lustrates California, bending
Above green water, clothed in purple and gold.
Carved these with hope their children would up-
hold,
And no hand would destroy

The altars of States heaped full of grapes and grain:
Births of the Sun and earth, to be adored,
And gathered in high festival and joy
From mountain side and plain;
And drunk from golden kantharoi,
God entering into man, thereby: restored
By the blood and flesh of the god, the lord,
To strength and vision to unveil
Deep mysteries and raptures, worshippings
Of nature, love for man, for deities
Quick intimations, quiverings through the wings
Of larger life, and sweeter music, cities
Of higher fellowships and lovelier ways
Of wisdom, where the phantoms of the Pities,
And the Hatreds, the Agonies
Of Melancholy, Madness, Soul's Disease
From horrors, and from idiot pieties
Are softened or dispelled in Freedom's praise.

IV.

Pentheus in the tree-top spies upon
The wild white women, the dance, the festival.
And Judas spies on Jesus
In the epiphany of Orpheus out of Dionysus.
But the cup is drunk by the lover, the singer John.
Who finding the ecstasy of sorrow, and sounding
the deeps
Of love and vision, human and mystical
In the wine cup, oh beloved guest,
Sinks in a moment of ineffable rest,
And rid of the flesh, half sleeps
Upon the Master's breast.
Judas alert for treasure and for treason
Dips in the sop his bread—
Judas the founder of the sect which fouls
The feast of Life, lizards and owls.
But where the liknon is borne, the cradle heaped
With fruits and flowers at the bridal feast,
O, Dionysiac Christ you passed the cup;
And at the supper of parting, O lovely priest,
At the time of the fan, and the purging of the floor,
You served the blood of the grape, and you did sup
With fur-capped fellows, and revealed the lore
Of remembrance for the mysteries you had spoken
Over the purple hills, and by the yellow shore,
In wine quaffed and bread broken.

V.

Thin lips where cruel smiles betray
Envy and frigid spirits, souls of gray
Who will descend upon you, rend and slay?
Unknowners of the cycle of Man's day:
That nourished flesh grows spirit, and that wine
Is the oil of the lamp of the soul, and feeds the
flame
That lights the world with Art! Who will waylay
Your spying and your hatred, limb from limb
Tear you, or drive you to a death of shame,
Like Judas self-hung? As if in paradigm,
Purple but horrible! Cut-throats of the rites
Of amity and dreams, the blossoming,
The release from the flesh to soul's delights,
Intenser life in soft intoxication—
And from that life, and rapturous elation
Who are you who restrain,
Making a cult of undelivered pain?—
Through which men love and fashion, sing.
You false salvationists and street haranguers,
Self-drunk with soul suppression and perversion,
Who shout the terror of putrescence, never beauty;
You with suspicions of the peasant Persian;
You foul-breathed ranters of Duty
About these states, you vermin-eaten clangers
Of hog-ribs, paper tambourines:—
Degenerate instruments for an imbecile faith,
And mockeries of bright silver, (touched by queens,
The Muses) and the ebony crotola.
You scare-crows of the Maenads and the Muses,
Breastless or babeless women who would vote

For rulership of other homes, not yours.
And you who moralize and gloat
On the refuse of banquets in the sewers.
You preachers of Denial and of Death,
And maniacs of repression which refuses
The cup of life! And in this bacchanalia,
You followers of Orpheus, as reformer,
Plain dressed in alpaca and string ties,
Who bellow forth your prophecies and curses
Not that man lives, but that man dies.
You carriers of umbrellas, not the thyrsos,
Or rifles of the fur-capped pioneers;
Slick spouters who fill fat penurious purses
Out of inevitable tears.
You Judases to Beauty, the sneak, informer
Blind that all Canas must precede
The soul's Gethsemanes, that there can be
Save Cana strengthens, no Gethsemane;
And if no living then no heart to bleed
Its blood to make us like the god, the Christ.
No flower of spirit without root and vine,
Nor loveliness for our sakes sacrificed;
No beauty without wine—
You who these mysteries see not, or gainsay
Who will tear limb from limb of you and slay?

VI.

You who behold no spirit in earth and sun,
And in their marriage no symbol of increase;
And you who plan or plot or brood, but run
About the wine press never, and who shun
The kinship which makes one of beasts and man,
Blossoms and vines and trees.
You who see not the mystery of food,
The ecstasy of the feast, replenishment
Of spirit in the wine-cup, and who ban
In fear or loathing, swooning of the blood;
You who can take as memory's sacrament
The wafer and the thimble of vapid juice,
And yet deny us, seekers of elation,
Re-birth through Dionysus, the youthful Christ:
Living, rejoicing in Life's thrilling spring,
Not grieving in its autumn, and decline,
Bridal, not funeral wine
In the hour of memory and of parting;
You who forbid our ritual and our use
Of Nature's secrets, our illumination,
Our sleep, our peace,
Our freedom from the Fears, intoxication
In which our souls are paradised;
Our insight, charities, and our release
From the grave of the day's flesh, our Orphic
lips
Through which we find creations, sun-lit wings,
Love, wanderings of the soul, and fellowships—
You who these wisdoms see not, or gainsay
Who will tear limb from limb of you, and slay?

VII.

Will the old States never come to us, never again,
And the sovereignty of men,
In the mountains of our fathers, along the bound-
less plain?
Has the will of the people perished, or passed into
the hand
Of the oafs and boors and lunk-heads of the land,
And the bigot, Puritan,
And the martyrs to the martyrdom of Pain,
Seeking remembrance not for Life, but Death?
Have we given up the sister realms, the freedom of
the States
Through a tyranny of shame
In the South land where the black-man wears the
gag?
Shall we bear the blight of cities, charged to elect-
orates
In the silence of the bearers of the flag?
Shall the cowardice of sycophants commissioned to
obey
Defeat the trust, but call it still our voice?
Shall we who give you, as we wish, the choice
Of freedom to be solemn or rejoice,
Avenge not your injustice, nor gainsay,
Nor strew you limb from limb along our way?

A Return to Pater

By John L. Hervey

PERHAPS it was because, something like a decade ago, I contributed to REEDY'S MIRROR two *études Pateresques* that the editor has directed my attention to Mr. Robert Shafer's "Walter Pater Redivivus," in the "Open Court" for April. I had noted the appearance of this essay, but had not, so to speak, "got to it," when Mr. Reedy intimated to me its interest and placed it in my hands.

The writer's point of departure is the "Sketches and Reviews" collected and published in a contemporary series of *bibelots* in *belles-lettres*, comprising a brief series of papers by Pater to the ordinary reader inaccessible, as they do not appear in the *édition définitif* which appeared now nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Shafer, however, devotes himself only in this fashion to the volume in question. His real purpose is the exposure of Pater's esthetic and philosophy, as unfolded in "The Renaissance" and "Marius the Epicurean"—and, of course, there through the exposure of Pater's soul.

It is curious how this soul continues to elude, while it continues to preoccupy, so many critics and analysts who, apparently, cannot resist its seductions, despite what, we cannot be other than aware, is their disapproval. In this regard Mr. Shafer is true to his *genre*. Perhaps he does not disapprove of Pater so uncompromisingly as, for instance, does Mr. Paul Elmer More. Nevertheless, the disapproval is always there, lurking either upon the surface or just beneath it and sounded decisively and finally in the closing paragraph of the essay. At the end, like all other critics of his school, Mr. Shafer, in his own words, "can hardly palliate or excuse Pater's central weakness." He wishes that he might, as it were, give him a "good character"—"without misgiving"—but this he cannot do; though, he says, this disability causes him a "profound regret."

Mr. Shafer, like Mr. More, like all other reviewers of the particular class to which he belongs is, after all, only a moral policeman. To be sure he is one of the kindest officials that ever trod the beat. The seductions of Pater have more or less enthralled him. The low, sweet, Cyrenaic song is pleasant in his ears. He would fain like, perhaps even love, its subtly-woven harmonies. He says many pleasant things—and in a very pleasant way—"about it and about." But the patrolman in him cannot be false to his duty—or what he conceives his duty to be. And in the end we have the result which has been indicated.

How curiously thoughtful and, at the same time, curiously superficial, is this essay! One upon which, obviously, the writer has labored long—it is extremely well written, despite the echoes which sound through it, both of matter and of manner. I would call it, despite its agreeability, its occasional perspicuity, verging at times upon clairvoyance, a complete failure in so far as it offers anything at all new about Pater. Its ideas are old ones, save in some of their on the whole immaterial workings-out. Its conclusions are stereotyped. Yet it is of interest, as such things always must be, because of the evidence it affords—the evidence of the persistence of Pater, the inability of even the alien mind to escape his influence or to deny his charm.

Pater is, of course, the most un-English of all great English writers. It is because of this that he is England's almost solitary *prostateur parfait*. It is also because of this that he so continually eludes the probings of the English analyst. This strange, this so-strange soul, had almost nothing in common with English thought or feeling, English taste or touch. That he wrote the English language seems always to me rather a freak, an accident, than aught else. It is not, therefore, strange that when the English hand is laid upon him, the English mind

regards him, the English tradition endeavors to square him with its concepts, it retires baffled and ineffectual. These minds and souls can never know Pater. Perhaps no others can, for that matter. But there are others who are at least capable of knowing him better, being not the prey of those apparently inevitable inhibitions which keep them forever doing patrol duty; sneakily desirous, many times, of doing otherwise, but ever in the end writing in a bad character on their registers against the object of their *inquisendo*.

I do not intend another excursus upon Pater. But I feel compelled to observe, as I arise from Mr. Shafer's essay, how thoroughly it exemplifies the attitude of its author as typical of the class to which he belongs. Mr. Shafer is continuously accusatory of Pater not only in a moralistic sense, but in a philosophic one. As for Pater's esthetic, "we consider it," he remarks, "to be dead; most would say, well dead." And attempting to appraise these things and the reasons therefore, we find him, like all others of his school, either asserting or implying that, while Pater's subtlety has been so often stressed, he was really not a man of profound mind. That there is no real depth in him. To this there is only one possible answer, but that is the best there possibly could be. It is—to read Pater and then to read his critics, especially those of the moral-police platoon. It will not take long to determine the relative profundity of thought which distinguishes the parties of the first and of the second parts.

Is it because Pater really was so profound that he so persistently and so invariably evades his inquisitors? One might almost believe so. Beneath that beautiful garment which he has woven for the expression of his "sensations and ideas" they fail to grasp the forms which it cloaks. While to the average *littérateur*—to say nothing of the "average reader"—Pater and "style" seem synonymous terms, there is one thing of which we may be sure; namely, that Pater himself, while taking infinite pains to make his style a thing as nearly perfect in its beauty as he was capable of making it, believed and thought it as something infinitely less important than the thought and feeling which he endeavored to body forth. So rare are and have been the artists that have chosen English prose as their vehicle of expression, that when one appears, especially such an one as Pater, he is bound, first of all, to be an object of wonder because of his style; and, secondarily, one of suspicion in so far as his "sensations and ideas" are concerned. It is altogether probable, may we not say, that the opinions and theories of Pater might have been otherwise expressed without arousing a tithe of the controversy which has attended them, simply because he clothed them, by artistic magic, in so exquisite a garb.

And so it must remain that much of the essential, rather the quintessential, Pater, disappears from the critical equations. Take, for instance, Mr. Shafer. Like his predecessors, he persists in resting his case *contra* Pater upon "The Renaissance" and "Marius"—and, let it be said in passing, upon such interpretation of them as carefully chosen and colored excerpts provide. As all but the pseudo-Paterians are aware, this is a very misleading, not to say disingenuous method of procedure, for if we would see Pater in the round, see him "steadily and whole," there is much else to be observed and studied; items, indeed, which he himself considered of an importance infinitely greater.

At the present rate of progress, it seems apparent that we must wait long for any adequate interpreter of Pater. But there is this consoling thought—that for him Pater well can wait. For Pater is anything but a dead author. Even his esthetic is not dead—"most would say well dead"—as this, his latest critic affirms. There is rich, perennial life in him, a life deeply rooted, whose exfoliations will continue long to burgeon. Their putting forth upon the bough will always be quiet, a process perhaps felt rather than seen, but one in its influences and results far-carrying and certain of full recognition.

Biscuit

By T. D. Pendleton

PAGE got off the train at Blue Gap. He had come back for the girl. He'd dodged the draft but now with the war well over he had come back for the girl.

Shifting his shiny bag to his left hand he pulled the long peak of his cap lower over his sharp nose, shrugged deeper into his turtleneck sweater and slouched past the water-tank into the Cove road.

The east behind, old Bald was all dressed up in a style running to streaks. Big streaks, little, rhododendron-colored, the pink of laurel buds, flaming, tapering with queer little tailends, twin, coppery gold, silvery, paling, deepening, shimmering, dissolved in and dissolved out or bloomed and withered, accordingly, as you thought in movie or D. G. Rossetti.

It made 'Cage sick, all of it, the ridge, the rocks, the pines, the thought of the woman down there in the Cove who had brought him there from the Reformatory ten years back and taught him to call her Aunt Joan. The layout had made him sick long before he had dodged the draft, most of all the old woman with her damned pride in her house-keeping and cooking. He'd have gone away long before he did but had stayed on waiting for Lissy French. She had been fourteen, just about ripe, when fear of the last draft had hurried him away without her. Now he had come back at the lure of her red curls and red mouth, but he wouldn't be an hour longer about the business than he had to, not a minute longer in the house with an old woman of mental equipment comprehending no livelier objective than keeping her house clean and producing light biscuit. After the two years' running with a bunch entirely of a mind with him as to existence's chief end lying in the matter of slipping one over, the thought of the mental limitation of the old woman made him sicker than ever. He'd got to have the girl, though. He hadn't been able to get her out of mind in the two years. Besides, she'd be useful in the operations of the bunch. But he wouldn't be a minute longer about the business of getting her than he had to. He stopped and took a swig from one of the bottles in the shiny bag.

A twist in the road gave him a view of the Cove far below, deceitfully near. Smoke spiraled from the chimney of Joan's cabin. The supreme negligibility of a mental equipment limited to the production of light biscuit, with the universe teeming with chances of slipping one over on somebody, seized him anew. "Wot the hell's light biscuit?" he sneered, taking another swig.

'Cage could see, too, the other two houses of the Cove, Rock French's and Buck Harlan's, standing fifty yards apart, on the opposite side of the road from Joan's. He leaned forward and strained his eyes. Maybe he'd glimpse Lissy French's red head. The girl was not visible, not her dad. Buck Harlan didn't seem to be stirring about his place, either. Nor Clay Harlan—of course not; the young fool'd probably been caught in the draft and not got back yet. But what the devil was that white line gleaming between Buck's and Rock's places? 'Cage leaned forward and made out a whitewashed slat fence. On Buck's side was a green patch neatly laid off in squares. On Rock's side a lot of white specks moved about. Vocabulary failed 'Cage. But Harlan and Rock French, left by the Big Fight of fifteen years back heads of their respective clans, gone to gardening and chicken-raising! Snow white chickens, too, reg'lar doves o' peace!

The spurts resultant from the doped liquor were frequent if short-lived. When his wrist watch showed half-past three 'Cage had got to Bethesda Chapel. 'Cage remembered that tomorrow would be Fourth-Sunday when the itinerant preacher would get off the early train at Blue Gap, borrow the tank-man's gray and make it to the chapel in time to begin preaching at eleven if the horse was in the

humor. If not what was the difference? The hicks could wait. What was time to hicks?

In an hour more 'Cage opened Rock French's gate and slouched up the path through a mess of scratching white chickens and faced the boards of a shut door. Slouching on around the house, scattering chickens as he went, he faced a shut kitchen door. Obviously the girl was not at home. Rock French was nowhere to be seen, either. On the other side of the dividing fence Buck Harlan was in his garden, hilling newly come up beans, his back to the road.

'Cage slouched back around Rock's house and crossed the road to Joan's.

"Why, 'Cage!" Joan greeted, after a shrinking step back. "Did ye walk from the Gap?" She handed a chair out through the door. "Ye must be hongry. I'll make a fire an' git biscuit bake—"

"Where's Lissy French?"

The woman's leathery face softened to something like a smile.

"Why, Lissy's gone to the Courthouse, her an' Clay Harlan to git their license. They're goin' to stand up before Brother Crow at Bethesdy tomorrer, right after he gits done preachin'."

'Cage slid into the chair, the shiny bag dangling from his nerveless hand. Joan was volunteering more:

"Yes, they aim to hitch tomorrer. They've sent word to Brother Crow they'll stand up before him right after he gits done preachin' tomorrer.—But ain't ye hongry, 'Cage?"

'Cage said nothing. The woman went on.

"Rock an' Buck ain't clashed in a spell now, since they've agreed not to go to the Courthouse an' liquer up the same days. They've give their consent to the hitchin.' Rock's gone to the Courthouse with the younguns. Hit was his day anyhow. He won't git back with 'em. He'll liquer up an' stay late. But Clay an' Lissy'll be back around sundown—But, 'Cage, ye *must* be hongry." She took a timid step nearer—"An', 'Cage, I bet ye ain't tasted biscuit light as mine while you've been gone."

'Cage said nothing. He sat dangling the bag while he heard Joan's retreating step across the room inside and out the back door for wood to start the fire for her damned biscuit. Biscuit! A fellow up against the rottenest deal ever handed out and the woman talking about the lightness of biscuit!

His eyes fell on Buck Harlan hilling his beans across the road. The hand dangling the bag tightened on the handle. The eyes under the long-peaked cap assessed the Cove. Nobody but himself and Buck in three miles, nobody but the old simp back there behind the house picking up chips—. The veins of the hand on the bag handle stood up taut as the situation suddenly doped itself out to him. Exactly as a mental capacity limited to the production of light biscuit was negligible in the matter of helping a fellow slip one over it was negligible in the matter of obstructing him. What the hell were light biscuit? What, indeed?

Gripping the handle of the bag he slouched across the road to Buck's garden. After a little the two disappeared through the doorway into Buck's house.

'Cage came out of Buck's door, alone, swinging his empty bag. Crossing Buck's garden to the dividing fence he pulled a slat aside and swung himself over the fence to Rock's side into the mess of chickens, waving his bag.

It didn't take long after he had got one hen through the hole and the others saw her sample a beanhill with a backward flip of her right leg and go to it. From under the long-peaked cap 'Cage surveyed operations, reflecting with supreme satisfaction. Rock would get back somewhere around midnight, liquored up and with enough on him to last until daylight. Buck had good and plenty. In the morning, when Buck had called Rock's attention to the shellholes that used to be beanhills—! By the time the morning train carrying Brother Crow whis-

tled for Blue Gap the chance of the sweet young things standing up before him right after preaching would be less than nothing-to-a-hundred. "Ain't they the doves o' peace?" he said aloud as he watched the backward flips of sixty yellow legs. "Ain't they?"

When he went through Rock's gate to cross the road back to Joan's, smoke was coming out the chimney in gentle puffs. "Biscuit!" he sneered. "Wot the hell's biscuit?"

On the porch at Joan's, his chair tilted back against the wall, he watched the chickens complete operations and straggle virtuously back through the hole and seek their dormitory. Around sundown he turned his attention down the road in the direction of the Courthouse. It was so still he could hear the soft blob of the biscuit dough on the board as the old woman rolled it, then the slide of the pan into the oven and the shutting of the oven door on it.

A buggy appeared on the Courthouse road. As it approached two heads were visible over the mule's ears, a red one and a yellow one. The buggy had got nearly opposite Joan's gate when 'Cage sensed that its occupants were unconscious of his presence on the porch. They looked past Joan's house up the road ahead of them. 'Cage turned and looked, too. From the direction of the Gap the tankman's gray approached at a brisk amble, bestridden by a lean, bearded man with flapping coattails and saddlebags. The gray horse and the mule met at Joan's gate and stopped.

The rider swung himself stiffly to the ground. He looked rather sheepish.

"I ain't due here till tomorrer," he said, "but I'd got through with the revival at Caney Fork last night, the mourners' bench plum cleaned up, an' this mornin' I got to thinkin' of Sister Joan's biscuit—I never strike biscuit as light anywheres else—an' I thought I might as well come on today—"

"Ye done jest right, Brother Crow," Joan said from the doorway. "I've got a pan near about ready to come out of the stove right now—Clay an' Lissy, both of ye, light an' set with us!"

"So long's the biscuit ain't quite ready," the old man turned to his saddlebags and took out a shiny bible, "I might as well splice these younguns before we set down."

Circumlocutions

By Horace Flack

XI.—LUNGS AND THEIR USES

THE stomach is a fact. It is also a reality. It is not ideal in its operations. It is not subject to control by the most beautiful flowers of speech. While a master of the beauties of academic language may use it to keep his own stomach full (or academically speaking "in a state of repletion"), no amount of eloquence for which he may use his lungs will serve as a substitute for food in any considerable number of other stomachs.

Here we may discern an important connection between lungs and stomach in the relations of both to the atmosphere. The atmosphere, we note, with which we fill our own lungs for purposes of eloquence or similar purposes, cannot be relied on as a substitute for food in other stomachs. It is not nutritious. At least our stomachs are not adapted to it.

But in observing the relations of facts to ideals, we must not overlook what seem exceptions. The exception may be a perfect example of the ideal. It is so in this case, when the case is a perfect unification and co-ordination of stomach and lungs. We have this beautiful harmony in the case of the sponge. The dry "sponges" we see in drug-store windows are ruins of marine communities. Each community had a common stomach and lungs, unified and co-ordinated so

completely that every member of the community was nourished by inhalation. The sea-water inhaled is all the nutrition required by members of a sponge community, so that government ownership of the entire population of a sponge community is ideal in its operations as long as inhalation continues.

Having a common stomach and lungs in perfect co-ordination, a sponge community has no need for eloquence. The life of the community goes on in perfect silence. Perhaps nothing is more sublime than perfect silence. If for one year, one week, or even one day, perfect silence could be substituted for the confusion of tongues in the life of mankind, we might have time to think. It is not wholly impossible that if the flow of academic language from the lungs were instantaneously checked and kept checked for a single day, we might begin to realize that there is a possible connection between the lungs and the mind as close as that between the lungs and the stomach.

I once saw this illustrated in perfect silence. The perfect silence was in use. It was being used by a master of the fine art of circumlocution. There is no finer art than that of circumlocution, when it is real as an art. You probably remember "The Potiphar Papers" by George William Curtis. But you may not have observed how its circumlocution differs from that of Plutarch, and approximates that of Thackeray, without ceasing to resemble that of Thomas Hood. The next time you read the book you may be interested in points of this kind as points of art. You may find at least fourteen points of art in the circumlocution of George William Curtis—with not one of them compromised or converted into a supreme sacrifice.

As George William Curtis used silence, however, it illustrated sublimity, as a possibility of the connection between the human lungs and the human brain. We think of the American eagle as sublime when perched on a lofty crag, because, though silent, it is an eagle and not a sponge. It represents something we cannot define, or even suggest without circumlocution. It personifies something in silence we may like to claim for ourselves. But when the American eagle breaks silence, we know as "faunal naturalists" that the scream is a suggestion of the emptiness of the bird's stomach. When this proud bird screams, we know that it will be "red in beak and claw" before it will permit its stomach to remain empty.

While not less American, the silence of George William Curtis was wholly disconnected from the condition of the stomach, and the use he made of it showed what silence means when put to its most sublime use. For perhaps twenty minutes, then for ten minutes, then for five, and then until a howling mob in the galleries of a National convention could no longer use its lungs in trying to "howl him down," he kept silence—waiting—and thinking.

When finally he broke silence he showed how "destiny" is decided. He had been engaged in silent thought. If you feel so far superior to everyone else in your own community, or your own country, or the world, that it seems to be your responsibility to decide destiny, try this method. Keep perfect silence, and try to think, no matter how loud the howling around you. And if in perfect silence, you are sure you are thinking, go on thinking until you think something that has the decision of destiny in it. That will be a definition. George William Curtis reached a definition. When that howling mob had strained its lungs until it could howl no longer, he told them what it meant to be an American and a free man, with his sovereignty under his hat. That was the point then, and it will so remain. "I have told you this once. I repeat it again. What I tell you three times is true."

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Small wonder that the soul of the Negro rankles under such conditions! Is it not peculiarly strange that his heart, instead of breaking under such utter discrimination, swells and makes him rise as if he were not considered the scourge of the community?

But the Negro knows that a few timid editorials do not represent the right thinking element among the whites. He also knows that the press, the pulpit, the screen, and the stage have avoided going to the roots of the big American question. He is cognizant of the fact that his hundred million fellow citizens are ignorant of his finer qualities. How many American white children know the life and works of Frederick Douglass, Pushkin, Dumas, L'Ouverture, Dunbar and Washington? How many of the white children in American schools know that blood of the Negroes made possible the cornerstone of American freedom? How many of the more intelligent whites ever meet and discuss openly and sanely problems affecting both races?

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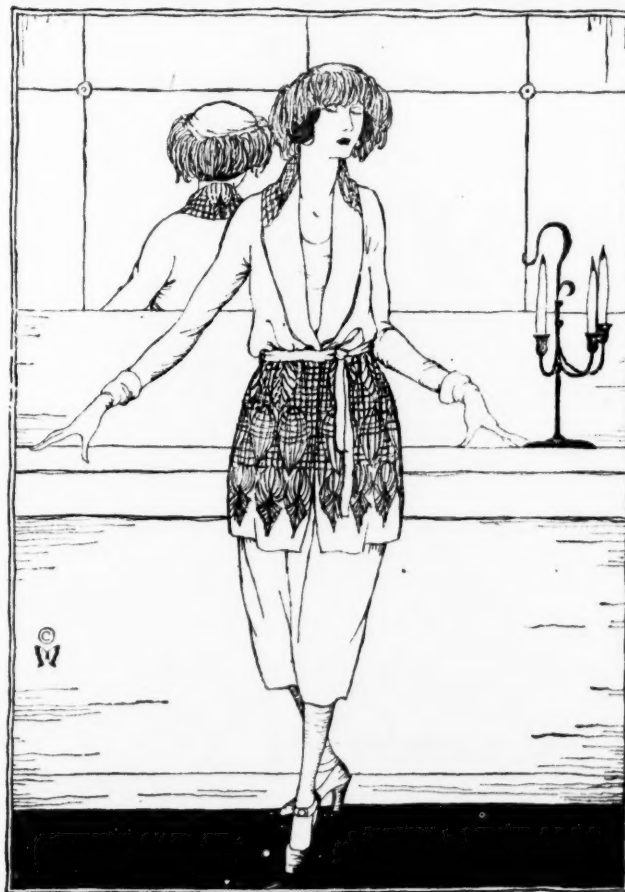


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author's favorite type of girlhood in the person of *Lavinia*, Italian, very lovely, blue-eyed, with deep black hair. *Lavinia* glows with a warmth denied some of her spirit-sisters created by the same pen; she learns, rather astonishingly, to love the fine tenderness expressed in the chivalry of an ugly, middle-aged husband.

In "Tol'able David" the loveableness just escaped by *Anthony* in the first novel written by Mr. Hergesheimer, comes into full flower. *David*, a mountain boy with innocent, tranquil eyes, performs miracles with one of those feuds familiar in stories of southern

mountaineers. He kills three men before he is sixteen, and makes the reader like it.

"Bread" is an un-Hergesheimer-like story of the recent war-times, clean-cut in its powerful character analysis. But the characters are alien, unfamiliar. *** In "Rosemary Roselle" the antithesis of this ugly story shines in radiant romance through the chronicle of another war-time. This story is a memory, a vapor, gathered by Mr. Hergesheimer from the old days when war came closer home. He has separated the glamour from the horror, and out of this glamour has made *Rosemary Roselle*.

"The Thrush in the Hedge" tells how the spirit of music endures, unsoiled and undefiled, through the filth of an unclean life, to raise its possessor into one supreme act of heroic renunciation. This story completes a group whose charm is variable and varied. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

Once upon a time a greedy stock company performing in a Chicago ten-twenty-thirty (some people still remember them) found it had devoured all the products of the day, and its Thespian ambitions, likewise amiable audiences, still pined for more. So it reached back another decade and dug "East Lynne" out

of the archives. It was before the day of the cinema; nor had "horseless carriages" carried quite all the country folk into the blasé sophistication they enjoy today. So, when *Lady Isobel* agonized over whether she would or wouldn't elope with the villainous *Sir Thomas*, and agonized too long and too copiously—an earnest, brave, motherly soul in the fifth row followed her emotions up out of the red plush seat; and, emphasizing her counsel with a resounding thwack of red fist into redder palm, she cried: "Don't you do it, lady, don't you do it! He's a bad, bad man!"

So most readers will feel about the badness of *The Bat* in "Wyndham's Pal." *The Bat* is really an English gentleman fallen into such blackness his own nephew thinks he is a half-breed Carribean negro. His badness is so obvious as to be scarcely picturesque; as is also the course of the story from first to last. Trail of the slaver, odor of questionable trading adventure, feverish swamp, white coral sand, tufted palm, swashbuckling Englishmen sailing hither and yon—all have a familiar flavor. Harold Bindloss, writer of this and other seafaring adventures, should turn his melodramatic pen over to the service of the hungry movie man; his plots are too lurid to be called literature. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

Primitive Society

By Lillian Cassels

Curious people who spend time and thought wondering what their progenitors were like—those who draw absurd pictures of men and women of Stone Ages, or write more absurd verse hazarding what was being done "when you were a tadpole and I was a fish"—will find information, delightfully written, in Robert H. Lowie's book on the simplified science of anthropology, "Primitive Society." (*Boni and Liveright*.)

Manifold as have been the treatises written on the evolution and development of the race, yet books couched in simple, understandable language such as this, telling the lay reader the thousands of odd things he has wondered about in connection with society and its usages and customs among the primitive peoples of earth, have been conspicuously absent. So Dr. Lowie's contribution fits happily into the literature of America, and of the world.

Research into customs and beliefs of primitive American races make up an important part of this textbook; and this, with comments on the viewpoint of modern American scholars, whose discoveries and conclusions have altered the whole of anthropological theory, yet which are known only to strictly scientific circles, make the book particularly valuable.

American thinkers, fretful over democracy's present apparent shakiness, who like to view racial conditions in terms more broad than those of the present generation, will find a grain of comfort in one of Dr. Lowie's comments: "North America was largely the scene of both social and political democracies. It is not unintelligible that Morgan should have hailed

Inimitable Savings in This August Sale of Women's Fall Shoes



This event is distinctly characteristic of our August Campaign. It is a fashion event, as well as an occasion for practicing true economy. Shoes in modes authentic for Fall are presented at savings that are most attractive. With the assistance of several noted manufacturers, we have assembled a collection of stylish footwear that is certain to appeal to feminine fancy. St. Louis women have always attended this occasion in great numbers, and with the savings listed below to act as a magnet, all selling records are certain to be excelled.

Boots and Oxfords

August Sale Price **\$14.75**

Retail Later at \$17.50, \$18 and \$18.50

9-inch novelty lace Boots, of black or brown suede, made on a medium short last, with covered Louis heels, also colored kid lace and button Boots. Oxfords are made of kid, Russia, and storm calf, with fancy tips and perforations. Medium, low and Cuban heels.

High and Low Shoes

August Sale Price **\$8.75**

Will Retail Later at \$10 and \$11

Black or brown lace Boots with turn or welt soles and military or Cuban heels. English walking Oxfords of tan or mahogany calf with plain or fancy perforations and welt soles. Black satin one-strap Pumps, also Roman ankle strap Pumps with Louis heels.

Brogue Shoes

August Sale Price **\$11.75**

Will Retail Later at \$14 and \$15

This smart and very popular style in High Shoes and Oxfords, made of heavy storm and Russian calf. Also included are High Shoes of kid or black suede with cloth quarters. Choice of Louis, Cuban and military heels.

Strap Sandals

August Sale Price **\$14.75**

Will Retail Later at \$17.50

A striking new footwear mode, called the "Grecian Strap Sandal," hand-sewed and made of black suede. \$15 Grecian Strap Sandals in black satin \$11.75

Fall Oxfords

August Sale Price **\$7.50**

Will Retail Later at \$9.00

Mahogany, tan, grain leather Oxfords, with wing tips and fancy perforation and Goodyear welt soles. All sizes and widths.

FAMOUS-BARR CO.

Largest Distributors of Merchandise at Retail in Missouri or the West

'liberty, equality and fraternity' as the cardinal principles of the American sib organizations, and, accordingly, from his point of view, of Indian society as a whole."

So apparently, the deep-rooted belief that democracy is inherent in the soil of America has foundation in facts rooted in history even older than that of colonial days.

Dr. Lowie, who is associate curator in the American Museum of Natural History, makes but little attempt in his admirable analysis to draw comparisons, to trace present-day customs to their beginnings, or even to assume that the usages he pictures in many quaint descriptive chapters were to be regarded as really so primitive as they, at first glance, might appear to be. He writes about marriage customs, about family life, kinship usages, woman's position, property rights, rank, government, and justice among the races of America and the South Sea Islands, and the reader is left fairly free to make analogies as he pleases.

"There is no no criterion," Dr. Lowie says in his final chapter, "for grading cultural phenomena. The foremost philosophies are not agreed as to the ultimate ideals to be sought through social existence. Within a century Western thought and action have swung from one pole to the other, from the extremes of Manchesterian individualism to the extremes of state socialism; and the student's valuation of, say, the communistic bias of Eskimo society will not be the same if he is a disciple of Herbert Spencer as it would be if he were a disciple of Prince Kropotkin.

"Democracy has become a slogan of modern times, but it has also aroused the impassioned protests of men of genius and of reactionary biologists, some of whom doubtless cast wistful glances in the direction of Micronesia, lamenting the decay of that spirit of loyalty to superior rank so nobly preserved in the Marshall Islands.

"Again, the unqualified emancipation of woman may be the only goal consistent with strict individualism; but what if individualistic aspirations are subordinated to others—say, to the perpetuation of traditional family ideals or to eugenic aims? Here, too, judgment of primitive conceptions must depend on one's subjective reaction to moot-problems of modern speculation.

"Even when the verdict of modern society tends to unanimity, the critical investigator cannot accept it as absolutely valid. It is not obvious that obligatory monogamy is in an absolute sense the most preferable form of marriage, least of all when it is tempered with a system of libertinage producing something not wholly different from the system of the Masai.

"In short, the appraisal of sociological features is wholly different from that of technological features of culture. The latter may be rated according to the closeness with which they accomplish known ends; the former have unknown ends, or ends whose value is a matter of philosophic doubt, hence they can be graded only on subjective grounds and must scientifically be treated as incommensurable. * * *

"If our enlightened communities coped as successfully with, say, the problem of maintaining order as ruder it might be conceded that our complex people in a simpler environment, then administrative machinery represented an intellectual advance. But the condition is contrary to fact, and our cumbersome method of preserving the peace and the more elegant solution of the same problem in simpler circumstances remain incommensurable.

"When from definite customs and institutions we turn to the dynamics of social history, the result is again the impossibility of grading cultures, but for a different reason. Institutions are generally different and not comparable; processes are not only comparable but identical in the simpler and the higher civilizations. * * * As an invariable component or primitive life, we encounter the eternal striving for prestige, which is thus clearly a characteristic of all social aggregates. The peacock theory of primitive man does away with that shopworn commonplace that primitive society wholly merges the individual in his group. It is true that at bottom it despises individuality, for it prizes variation only in a direction it was predetermined, and conformity to its standards is the price exacted for recognition. But in this respect primitive and civilized society coincide in principle, however much they may differ in detail.

"History records a transfer of power from one mystically sanctified source of authority to another, from a church to a book, from a book to a state, or to an intangible public opinion. But with an unflinching tenacity every society from the simplest to the most complex has adhered to the principle that the one unpardonable sin consists in setting up one's private judgment against the recognized social authority, in perpetrating an infraction of tribal taboos. * * * Neither morphologically nor dynamically can social life be said to have progressed from a state of savagery to a stage of enlightenment.

"The belief in social progress was a natural accompaniment of the belief in historical laws, especially when tinged with the evolutionary optimism of the seventies of the nineteenth century. If inherent necessity urges all societies along a fixed path, metaphysicians may still dispute whether the underlying force be divine or diabolic; but there can at least be no doubt as to which community is retarded and which accelerated toward the appointed goal. But no such necessity or design appears from the study of cultural history. Cultures develop mainly through the borrowings due to chance contacts. Our own civilization is more largely than the rest a complex of borrowed traits. The singular order of events by which it has come into being provided no schedule for the itinerary of alien cultures. Hence the specious plea that a given people must pass through such or such a stage in our history before attaining this or that destination can no longer be sustained. * * * In prescribing for other peoples a social program we must always act on subjective grounds; but at least

we can act unfettered by the pusillanimous fear of transgressing a mock-law of social evolution.

"Nor are the facts of culture history without bearing on the adjustment of our own future. To that planless hodge-podge, that thing of shreds and patches called civilization, its historian can no longer yield superstitious reverence. He will realize better than others the obstacles to infusing design into the amorphous product; but in thought at least he will not grovel before it in fatalistic acquiescence, but will dream of a rational scheme to supplant the chaotic jumble."

Marts and Money

The New York stock market is an eccentric and rather perverse affair. Though the tendency in values still is downward, apparently, there are frequent and smart recoveries. The main base of operations is shifted from one quarter to the other most every day. There's less talk about tight money, but a lot of animated discussion of the Polish-Russian situation, and also of the feverish fluctuations in the quotations for foreign exchanges. The moderate betterment in the financial market is the stimulus for considerable speculative demand for particularly desirable railroad stocks. Favorable advices from the wheat, corn, and cotton fields are eagerly scanned. They foreshadow heavier harvests than had been anticipated a month ago. Naturally, it is argued that the prospective agricultural opulence should, in the new fiscal year, witness enlarged returns to shareholders in quite a number of instances.

There is much diversity of opinion concerning the influences of autumnal money requirements upon the loan market in New York. The probability is that there will be another pronounced though not very painful pinch in September and October. In the latter month grain and cotton will be forwarded in great quantities, the foreign inquiry for these staples already showing material expansion. Demand for cotton is especially large and keen. At an international Cotton Conference, held in Switzerland some weeks ago, the fact leaked out that the supplies of the fleecy staple already fell short of the expected needs. The trade situation certainly is such as to lend color to the notion that cotton quotation will in the new crop season register ups and downs, but little less sensational than those which kept the speculative crowd at a high pitch of excitement in 1919-20. Latest price movements, favored the "bears." Apropos of this, it must be borne in mind that the coming great growth in shipments of American farm products to foreign nations will lead to further advances in the rates for foreign bills. Whether this will bring bulky imports of gold from the necessitous countries is an interesting question. It is hardly probable that any of the less important peoples of the Continent can afford to cut the international values of their currencies still more than they already are by exporting yellow metal to New

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worth of State-appraised, income-producing public service property back of each \$100 share of this stock.

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cash on each share, payable in quarterly installments, is regular and dependable.

Many Missouri men and

women invest their savings in this stock regularly, to get 7 per cent a year paid quarterly, instead of 3 or 4 per cent a year paid semi-annually. They appreciate the chance here given them to share the earnings of Missouri's largest and strongest electric service company.

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certified check, postoffice or express money order should be sent with mail orders. Prompt delivery of shares will be made by registered mail.

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Mississippi Valley Trust Co.

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FOURTH AND PINE

*"Cash without waiting often hurries Hence
Flowing and Fleeting—and you wonder whence,
When just a little foresight on you part
Would save it. Money lost is negligence."*

—Omar the Thrifter.

Listen to the words of Mark Twain:—"There are two kinds of people who should never speculate, those who cannot afford it, and those who can." Why go against the percentage? When you buy so-called securities about which you know nothing, and from someone you have no means of investigating, you speculate. It doesn't pay.

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U.S. Government Supervision
—TO ST. CHARLES

York. Great Britain is in a class by amounts of national securities. Sterling exchange is quoted at \$3.64 in New York. One day's depreciation, lately, was equal to 25 per cent of parity. According to the London *Economist*, "a recent computation, based on current rates, in twenty nations (not including Asia), disclosed sterling at a discount in seven foreign countries, and at a premium in 13.

Thus far, intelligent, informed authorities in New York have not been seriously perturbed by fears of another great catastrophic war as a result of the struggle in Poland. Nor do they pay much heed to reports of international disagreements between the British and French Governments. It is apparent, however, that the financial markets in London and on the Continent have to absorb increasing

Information about the steel industry remains of a fairly hopeful character. An upward tendency in earnings was indicated in all statements for the year's second quarter. That of the Lackawanna proved especially favorable. It showed \$5.36 earned on common stock, and a final net result for the completed six months of \$4.06 a share. Good results were reported also by the Republic Iron & Steel Company. Forecasts for the six months ending December 31 support the opinion that still more striking gains will be reported by nearly all the leading producers. Stockholders of the Standard Oil Company of New York, are in a happy frame of mind. Within a month or two they will receive a stock dividend of 200 per cent. This by the issuance of \$75,000,000 additional stock. People who bought Standard Oil of New York some eight or nine years ago, shortly after the enforced dissolution of the old Trust, have gathered profits which, it is safe to assume, surpassed their most rosy expectations. The movements of the general run of oil shares were not of much interest latterly. Prominent issues, such as Royal Dutch, Mexican Petroleum, and Shell Transport suffered rather severely for a few days, but have since rallied quite briskly. Respecting Mexican Petroleum it is estimated that for the current year at least \$20 will be earned on each share of the common stock. Something like \$4.39 was earned on the \$40,826,400 common during the four months ended April 30 last. Reports from Mexico strongly predicting a prolonged season of peace and prosperity, still greater growth in the earnings of the Mexican P. Company appears inevitable. Holders of the stock have done pretty well. They received a stock dividend of 10 per cent some time ago, and their certificates are selling at 157. A few months ago the price was up to 220.

Finance in St. Louis.

It's a quiet but not wholly featureless market on Fourth Street these days. There's a noteworthy demand for low-priced issues, particularly the Indian Refining and Certain-teed common shares. The latter are being transferred at 50. Twenty Wagner Electric common were taken at 90 lately, fourteen Title Guarantee Trust at 59.50, and twenty-five Temtor A at 41.50. The quotation for National Candy common has receded to 137.50. Brokers feel sure that local securities will make interesting response to a substantial uplift in Wall Street. Rates for local loans still are maintained at 7 to 7½ per cent, as a rule.

Local Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
National Bank of Commerce	130	131
Mississippi Valley Trust	218	280
St. Louis Union Trust	218	
Brown Shoe pfd.	66½	90
Brown Shoe com.	83	68
Certain-teed Prod. 1st pfd.	49	83½
Certain-teed Prod. com.	49	50
Chicago Ry. Equip.	102	114½
Con. Portland Cement pfd.	90	
Con. Portland Cement com.	90	
Hydraulic Pr. Br. pfd.	44	46
Hydraulic Pr. Br. com.	63½	
Indian Refg. Co.	6½	6½
International Shoe pfd.	102	
International Shoe com.	137	
Laclede Steel Co.	120	
Marland Refining Co.	43½	4½
Mo. Portland Cement	78½	
*Nat. Candy 1st pfd.	89	
*Nat. Candy com.	126	131
St. Louis Screw Co.	240	
Temtor "A"	41½	42
Temtor "B"	38	40
St. L. & Sub. Ry. Gen. M. 5s.	40	
United Rys. 4s.	42¾	
*Ex-dividend, 3½ per cent.		
**Ex-dividend, 9 per cent.		

Answers to Inquiries.

INVESTOR, Decatur, Ill.—(1) U. S. Rubber preferred looks attractive at the present price of 102½. The 8 per cent annual dividend is not in danger of a cut. The stock is largely owned by shrewd investors and not an active feature, as a rule, in the New York market. (2) Better stick to your Southern Railway common and buy another certificate in case of a little decline.

F. M., St. Louis.—(1) Don't let go of your Great Northern preferred. There are no indications of additional heavy liquidation. The fine crop prospects in the Northwest should raise the quotation at least ten points in the fall months. (2) Armour 4½s are a commendable purchase at the ruling price of 75. (3) If you can afford it, retain your Hudson & Manhattan refunding 5s.

At the Theatres

There is a new idea in entertainment at the Columbia this week running under the name of "Frollicking in a Romany Camp." It introduces a number of singers and dancers whose work is above the average. A clever set of jugglers also appears. Then there is the Square Shooter starring one known to fame as Buck Jones with a little sketch to follow called "The Morning After." A good show.

The Gayety has a \$50,000 production and a Broadway Beauty Chorus of the kind to please the well-known TBM. The farce called "Town Scandals" is funny, as is everything in which the favorite George A. Clark has a part. Ethel Snappy Shutta holds an audience well. On the whole, the manager offers a lively programme.

The current bill at the Grand Opera House is attracting exceptionally large audiences. George Damerel and Myrtle Vail, the musical comedy stars, are scoring a big success with their excellent comedy sketch with music, "Hearts and Clubs." The Holland Dockrill Troupe in "The Equestrian Act Beautiful," is pleasing all classes. Marion Gibney, "The Sassy Single," is in fine voice. Other favorites are Chief Blue Cloud and Winona; The Vanderkoors, "Quack Illusionists;" Wallace and Barres, in "Take Your Pick;" Kuhn Girls, in "Bits of Vaudeville;" Rolloe and Beagy, roller skating novelty, and Gruett, Kramer and Gruett, in "A Circus Day in Georgia."

He looked a sorry plight as he limped into the insurance office. Bandages were numerous, and he walked with the aid of a crutch. "I have called to make application for the amount due on my accident policy," he said. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening, and sustained damages that will disable me for some time to come. The manager gave him a firm look. "Young man," he replied, "I have investigated your case, and find that you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident, for you certainly knew that the young lady's father was at home."

"Reggie," said her husband's wife, "I don't believe you have smoked one of those lovely cigars I gave you last Christmas." "No, my dear, I haven't," replied the wife's husband. "As a matter of fact, I intend to keep them until our little Willie grows up and wants to learn to smoke."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

New Books Received

POEMS 1916-1918 by Francis Brett Young. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$2.00.
Mr. Young's work shows him to be at once a romanticist as well as a realist.

BLUESTONE by Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A book of poems with a well written introduction on the combination of words and music.

AMERICAN GUIDE BOOK TO FRANCE AND ITS BATTLEFIELDS by E. B. Garey, O. O. Ellis and R. V. D. Magoffin, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co., \$3.50.

A Baedeker of the battlefields with a concise history of the war.

ARNO by Chas. Phillips Krauth. Boston: The Cornhill Co., \$1.25.

A narrative poem in seven cantos.

THE HAND IN THE DARK by Arthur J. Rees. New York: John Lane Co.

A pistol shot, mysterious deaths, gray eyed detectives, love, suspicion and vast expenditure of energy on the part of each and everyone in the story, make, when properly mixed, a readable book of the sort that those who like that kind of thing will enjoy.

MISS MINERVA'S BABY by Emma Speed Sampson Major. New York: Reilly & Lee.

Those who read "Billy and the Baby" will be glad to welcome the present little book which continues the histories of the semi-humorous characters in that popular book.

THE RAPIDS by Alan Sullivan. New York: Appleton's, \$1.75.

This is not a common or ordinary kind of a novel. It is well written and the author has a high sense of duty to his readers.

RESPONSIBILITY by James E. Agate. New York: George H. Doran Co., \$2.

An exceptional kind of book that presents a picture of mid-Victorian days that is done in a masterly way. Well worth reading.

HEART TROUBLES by Louis F. Bishop. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co., \$3.50.

Until I opened this book, I thought a certain pain, long persistent, was something that would presently pass away. Not only did I find what my ailment really was, but, reading, I found the dietary cure for the trouble. That should be sufficient to prove that it is written in plain language and free from confusing technical terms. Will be valuable to many.

THE GOLDEN SCORPION by Sax Rohmer. New York: R. M. McBride & Co.

Another book of Oriental mystery of the sort that held us spell-bound at the age when we enjoyed Gaboriau.

WINGS OF THE WIND by Credo Harris. New York: Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.75.

Very evidently one of those books thought

out and planned as a result of the war. Love and adventure with a thrill here, and there make it one of those books that the girl in the summer hammock loves to read.

CHILDREN IN THE MIST by George Madden Martin. New York: Appleton's, \$1.75.

Here is a notable book of tales by the creator of *Emmy Lou*. The author has keen sympathy with the colored folk of our country and has felt, as many have, the keen injustice that has been done them. Mrs. Martin has never done better work than in these stories.

MARRIED LIFE by May Edginton. New York: Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.75.

While nine out of ten novels end with marriage and prospect of eternal bliss, this begins with the wedding. Financial and domestic rocks show themselves, shoals and under currents sorely try the domestic craft, but a harbor is eventually reached. The Mrs. Henry Wood tradition is followed by the authoress and a story results that will please women.

THE NEW FRONTIER by Guy Emerson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A book on Americanism, what it is and what it means. The ideals advocated by Theodore Roosevelt are lauded, and in some respects the non-conformist attitude adopted by the author would seem to indicate dissatisfaction with both the old parties.

RATHER LIKE by Jules Castier. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

M. Castier's work is exceptionally clever. As a parodist, it is doubtful whether he has had an equal since Calverley. His travesties upon the plots and style of H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, G. B. Shaw, Joseph Conrad, Jack London and others are astoundingly clever, and when it is remembered that the work was done by a Frenchman, while a prisoner in a German camp, astonishment passes into admiration. The book is a winner.

WOMAN by Magdeleine Marx. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

If you remember Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," or the anonymous "Love Letters of St. John," you will understand something of the passion and fire that pervades this French woman's work. There are tense passages in it. If I were asked to say what its central motive was, I would put it in Nietzsche's words: "Marriage is a splendid lie: it affirms the eternity of a passion which experience declares to be of all passions the most transient."

WHO WILL ANSWER TO MR. SCHWAB? by Richard D. Kathrens. Kansas City: Burton Publishing Co., \$1.50.

The author finds a menace in great fortunes and would limit them by law, and at the time make new laws by means of which strikes would be impossible.

OPEN THE DOOR by Catherine Carswell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

The English Melrose foundation offered a \$1,000 prize for the best novel. Miss Carswell was the winner. The story is well written, and

has for heroine the daughter of a Scotch family raised in an atmosphere of evangelical strictness. It traces the causes of her revolt. The DeMorgan influence is strong upon the authoress.

DOCTOR SILENCE by Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton Co., \$2.50.

Lovers of psychic stories will welcome this batch of five. Take the weirdest work of Poe, Ambrose Bierce, H. G. Wells, Lafcadio Hearn and Hoffman, add a psychic Sherlock Holmes and you have "Doctor Silence." Do not read this after a lobster salad supper if you value your peace of mind.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY by Jacques Boulenger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$3.50.

One of the National History of France series, edited by Fr. Funck-Brentano, whose "Diamond Necklace" will recur to readers as a book that caused a mild excitement some twenty years ago. The present work considers that period of French history that commenced with the youth of Louis XIII and ended under Louis XIV. Lovers of literature will welcome the volume for the light it throws upon conditions that influenced Pascal, Racine, Marquise de Sevigne and Moliere, while musicians will read with interest the passages referring to Lulli and the lesser musicians of the Royal Academy of Music. Altogether a valuable work.

OUR ECONOMIC AND OTHER PROBLEMS by Otto H. Kahn. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co.

A masterly examination of present-day problems from a financier's point of view. Reserved for extended review.

THE CRUISE OF THE SCANDAL and other stories by Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.75.

Fifteen lively tales in the vein of the younger H. G. Wells by a well known magazine writer.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOANALYSIS by Professor Sigmund Freud, LL.D. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$4.50.

Is sex so all dominating a factor in the psychic life? Does the *odum sexicum* distort our views? If Freud is right, the majority of us are badly misled.

THE WANDERER by Mary Ethel McAuley. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A collection of opinions on debated subjects of greater or less interest which appeared in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*. Some of the subjects are not worth print and paper, and some again are of permanent interest. Compare for instance, these two: "With what language did the Serpent talk with Eve," and "What is the significance of the Labor unrest." One is valueless, the other of immense worth.

MOODS AND MEMORIES by Edmund Leamy. New York: Devin-Adair Co., \$2.00.

Mr. Leamy is well known to magazine readers. Of him Don Marquise wrote once, "He has the inheritance of glamor and a singing soul." His verse has the spirit that pleases the average man and general reader.

VANITAS by Paul Eldridge. Boston: The Stratford Company, \$1.25.

Poems with a Schopenhauerism viewpoint.

WHEN TYTIE CAME by Alfred Machard. Chicago: Reilly & Lee Co., \$1.75.

A Paul and Virginia *pour rire* with a touch of "Helen's Babies."

VAGABONDING THROUGH CHANGING GERMANY by Harry A. Franck. New York: Harper Bros.

Mr. Franck is always good. He sees well and tells well what he sees. There are pictures of Germany today in this book that are not found elsewhere.

GREAT MODERN AMERICAN STORIES by William Dean Howells. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$2.00.

An anthology compiled and edited by William Dean Howells. A collection of stories that have been born to fame by no surface ripple of fancy but by a strong undercurrent of intelligent appreciation.

LITTLE HOURS IN GREAT DAYS by Agnes and Edgerton Castle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, \$2.00 net.

An essay characterized by a peculiar vein of pleasant and delicate fancy with occasional touches of tenderness and pathos that is extremely attractive.

THE LOST FATHER by Arne Garborg. Boston: The Stratfo Company, \$1.25.

Autobiographical and introspective. Do we regard religion today as a mere counsel of perfection? Translated from the Norse by Mabel J. Leland.

UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM RIDGE by Margaret Prescott Montague. New York: Doubleday-Page Co., \$1.00.

An allegorical tale by the authoress who won the O. Henry Foundation prize. The story appeared in the *Atlantic* and moved President Wilson to words of praise.

BLASCO IBANEZ ON MEXICO IN REVOLUTION by V. Blasco Ibanez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.00.

Ibanez has in this book collected the impressions on Mexico which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and other newspapers. His viewpoint is that the indecisive and variable conduct of President Wilson in his dealings with Mexico were fatal, and, as contrasted with the President, Carranza pursued a policy that was coherent, invariable and continuous.

THE WIDER WAY by Diana Patrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.00.

To write a tale of love passion takes a woman. Aphra Behn, Madeleine Marx, Marie Correlli, Olive Schreiner, Elinor Glynn, Miss Braddon—all of them played strong to the love lover. Miss Patrick gives her heroine *Veronica* some thrilling moments, one especially on page 208. There is another on page 226. There are others. Married women will like the book, and lovers who have read it will find much to talk about in discussing it. In the end, "in the pearl-washed night, their lips, long denied, met and clung."

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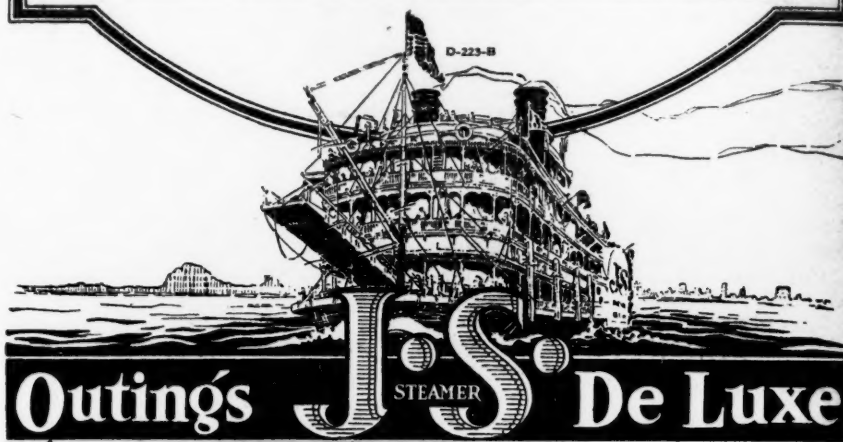
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Friday Evening Sailing Dances—8:30 to 11:30 p. m., \$1.00. (Other nights reserved for organizations.)

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